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DAME FORTUNE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY MAGGIE C. HIGBY.

Oh, Fortune, you're a fickle dame,
And full of change as you can be;
You check your sunny hair and smile,
But like a flirt you cheated me.

When in my foolish ear you breathed
Your pretty story, I believed,
And in a dream of love I slept,
How oft before you had deceived.

The desert seemed to bloom with flowers,
The north wind wailed o'er the plain,
With breath of balm from tropic bowers,
And peace and pleasure in its train.

And going on the blissful scene
With rapture, I believed it true;
But lo! you turned away and frowned,
And like a mirage it withdrew!

Oh! Fortune, you're a fickle dame,
And full of change as you can be;
You check your sunny hair and smile,
But like a flirt you cheated me!

THE STORY OF CAPTAIN GRANT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The history of the campaign in the Peninsula under Lord Wellington, is full of romance, but none of its details are more gloriously attractive than the adventures of Captain Columbus Grant, the celebrated consulting officer, who carried so many victories to Marshal Marmont. A full account of them would form a volume almost as ponderous as the history of the war itself. It is proposed to offer to the reader a single and by no means the most remarkable series of these adventures.

In the year 1812, the Marshal Duke of Ragusa was ravaging Baire, and threatening both Almeida and Ciudad Rodrigo. Many persons, alarmed at the aspect which affairs wore, were loud in their condemnations of Lord Wellington for his apparent carelessness of the safety of the latter place. Lord Wellington, however, was convinced that Marmont entertained no real intention of attacking Ciudad, and in order to confirm this opinion, sent Captain Grant into Marmont's lines, for the purpose of obtaining information of the movements and plans of that General.

Attended by a Spanish peasant, named Leon, who had been his companion in many of his expeditions, Captain Grant entered the Salamanca district. Passing the river Tormes in the night, he penetrated to the very heart of the French camp, and remained there for three days. It was his habit never to assume any disguise, and upon this occasion he wore his uniform as a British officer. During his stay in the camp of the French, he obtained, by various means, full and accurate information respecting their strength and intentions, and each day transmitted to Lord Wellington, through Spanish agents, the result of his observations. His position was one of great danger, and although the uniform which he wore would protect him from the treatment of a spy, he had but little reason to expect anything but severity at the hands of the French should he fall into their power.

On the third night of his stay, some of the peasants brought him a copy of a General Order from the French Marshal, informing the troops that the notorious Grant was within the circle of their enticement, and commanding the soldiers to exert every means in their power to apprehend him. The order also stated that guards were placed around the lines of the enticement for the especial purpose of preventing his escape. Marshal Marmont seemed to feel confident that Grant was in a net from which he could not escape, and he was determined to spare no effort to take him. Well might he exert himself, for Grant had done him more harm than any other man in Lord Wellington's army. He could scarcely form a plan, or begin a movement, before that efficient officer had penetrated it, and informed Lord Wellington of it. Marmont well knew that the capture of Grant would deprive the English commander of the most valuable auxiliary he had, and he was determined that if he once got Grant in his power, it would be long before he released him.

The news which the peasants brought Grant would have made a weaker man tremble for his safety, but it did not daunt him. He at once consulted with them as to the best means of passing beyond the French lines, and acting upon their advice, the next morning before daylight, entered the little village of Horcia, which is close to a ford on the Tormes, and about six miles from Salamanca. Near the village the French had a battalion of infantry, and cavalry videttes were posted on the opposite side of the river. The best of the videttes extended from the ford some six hundred yards in each direction, and the sentinels always met at the ford.

As the day broke, the French battalion assembled, under arms, on its alarm post. The peasants now brought Grant, with his horse, behind the gable of a house, which was opposite and

very near the ford, and which concealed him from the infantry. The peasants hid him from the view of the cavalry, by standing on some loose stones, and spreading out before him their long cloaks. The plan which Captain Grant had chosen was desperate in the extreme, but he could choose no other. Waiting calmly until the sentinels had separated to the full extent of their beats, he got upon to his horse, dashed through the shallow ford, passed the sentinels, reaching the far side as he did so, and set out in the direction of a dense wood a mile or so from the ford. The French gave chase, but Grant succeeded in reaching the wood, where he was enabled to hide his horse, who gave up the chase in despair. He had become separated from Leon in his flight, but the latter, thanks to his mule's down, met with no interruption, and was enabled to join his master in the wood.

Captain Grant had now escaped the first danger which threatened him, but he had not yet satisfied himself as to the intentions of the French commander. He had already ascertained that the means of storming Ciudad Rodrigo were prepared, and the French officers openly avowed that it was Marmont's intention to attack the fortress; but he maintained a serious doubt of the sincerity of these declarations. At all events, he determined to remain and see if the march of the French would not be directed by the Pass of Fuentelvieja towards the Tago. He also desired to ascertain more definitely their real numbers. For this purpose he placed himself on a wooded hill near Talamana, where two roads meet—one leading to the Pass of Fuentelvieja, the other to Ciudad Rodrigo. He remained there concealed until the whole French army marched by. From his elevated position he noted every gun and battalion, and by this means obtained an accurate estimate of the strength of the enemy.

As the French passed by, they took the road to Ciudad, and Grant, alarmed, too his cautious should prove false, followed them into the town of Talamana, entering it after they had left it. Here he discovered that they had left behind them the greater part of their baggage, which convinced him that they had no intention of storming Ciudad Rodrigo. He once dispatched to Lord Wellington intelligence of that fact, and this it was that allayed the fears of the English general for that fortress.

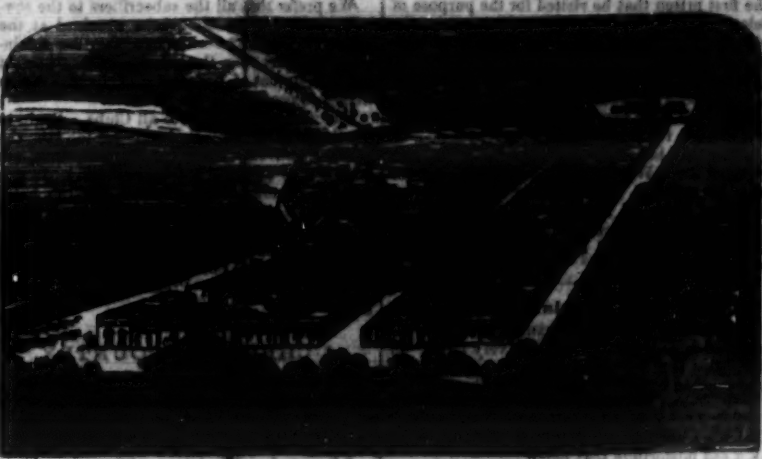
Furrying forward, and avoiding the French, Grant proceeded Marmont across the Coa, wishing to see whether he intended marching by Guarda upon Coimbra, or by Sabugal upon Castello Branco. In order to reach Castello Branco, from the direction from which the French were approaching, it was necessary to descend from a succession of ridges through a pass.

Grant placed himself on one of the lower ridges in this pass. His motive in choosing this ridge in preference to one more elevated was that it would enable him to move with more facility and rapidly into the country below. The ridge was covered with a thick growth of dwarf oaks, which he thought would screen him from the observation of the French. Whether the latter had information of his proximity to them, or whether they discovered him by accident is not known, but from the higher ridges which they occupied, the French officers with their glasses, detected him among the stunted oaks, and a party of cavalry was at once sent in pursuit.

In a few moments, Leon, who always kept a sharp lookout when in the enemy's country, called out in alarm, "The French, the French," and pointed to a party of dragoons who were rapidly approaching them. Grant and Leon immediately darted into the wood for a short distance. Then, wheedling, they fled in another direction, hoping by this means to baffle their enemies. But unfortunately for them, the French on the heights above, were enabled by means of their glasses to detect all of their movements, which were communicated by signals to the pursuers. At every turn the fugitives encountered new enemies. At last, dismounting, they fled through the woods on foot. All their efforts were futile, however, the French officers continued to point out their movements, and their enemies rapidly closed around them. At last Leon fell exhausted, and Grant, seeing the hopelessness of escape, ceased his efforts, and remained by his companion. In a few minutes the French troopers came up, and despite the entreaties of Grant, barbarously murdered poor Leon as he lay helpless on the ground.

Grant, himself, they treated with courtesy—they carried him at once before Marshal Marmont. The French commander received him with apparent kindness, and invited him to dine with him, and Grant, being very hungry, gladly accepted the invitation. During the meal, Grant's exploits became the subject of conversation, and Marmont assured his prisoner that he had been for a long time on the watch. He told him he knew all his habits and disguises, and was aware that only the night before, he (Grant) had slept at the French headquarters. Grant assured him that he was mistaken in this, as he never used any disguise. Marmont only laughed at him, and told him it was useless to try to conceal his acts, as they were all known to him.

It turned out afterwards that there were two Grants, and that Marmont attributed to Captain Grant many of the acts of a professional spy of the same name, who was in the pay of the English. It is to his ignorance of the existence of the other Grant, that we must, no doubt, attribute



LONDON IN THE TIME OF THE ROMANS.

London seems to have been designed by nature as the capital of England. That it was an important town, before the arrival of the Romans, cannot be doubted. In the first century of the Christian era it was the principal port and mart; for Tacitus tells us, that although Verulamium, St. Albans, was a magnificent, or municipal city, and Camulodunum, Colchester, even a colony, Londinium was the chief place of trade. In the "Jitinerary of Antonine," too, London is either the starting point or the terminus of most of the Roman roads; and it is really curious to note how strong a general resemblance exists between a map of Roman London, Britain and one of modern England. In the former, the grand via, or military way, converges towards the great commercial metropolis, just as railways do now-a-days in the frontiers of "Bradshaw."

To any one who sees London as it is, with its towering millions, and strong rushing tide of commercial activity, it is difficult to conceive of the Londinium of the Romans. No towered wall, no peristyle temple, no lofty arch, remains to testify of the glory of the conquerors of the world. Nor is this wonderful, if we consider that London's history is one of almost unchecked prosperity from the earliest times. "In such towns," it has been well observed, "it is often difficult to recognize a vestige of antiquity. But the change is less complete when, at some comparatively remote period, the tide of progress has been impeded, and the towns have declined in trade and population. In the former class may be mentioned London and Paris; in the latter, Treves, Orange, Frejus, &c. Pompeii stands in a class by itself, in having been preserved to us in a great measure, in the condition in which it was eighteen hundred years since, by an extraordinary natural catastrophe. As a rule, we shall find that the prosperity of towns has been the most fatal cause of the loss of their configuration and of their monuments."

Not many years ago, on a royal visit being paid to a certain southern city, great preparations were made, and the mayor, duly robed in scarlet and chained with gold, went forth with a loyal address to receive the King. The address having been graciously accepted, the Sovereign remarked:—

"Yours, Mr. Mayor, is a very ancient city?"

"Why, yes, please your Majesty," replied the functionary, "it has been a town a very ancient city."

All that is obvious now in London wears a modern aspect, and it is only from history and archaeology that we are enabled to discover that the great metropolis "has a been" a very ancient seat of population and of trade. How far

but the Marshal's subsequent conduct with reference to his prisoner, which if viewed in any other light, casts a dark stain upon the honor of that brave soldier.

During his stay with the French Marshal, Grant was treated with the greatest apparent kindness. By this means he was thrown off his guard, and induced to give his parole that he would not consent to be released by any of the Spanish partisan bands while on his journey through Spain to France. By this means Marmont secured his captive, for, although Grant did not know it at the time, Lord Wellington had offered two thousand dollars to any guerrilla chief who should rescue him. By exacting a special parole from Grant, Marmont completely defeated this movement, and his course, though harsh and unusual, was a decided compliment to Grant.

Soon after this, Grant was sent with an escort to Bayonne. With this escort, Marshal Marmont, no doubt impressed with the belief that there was but one Grant, sent a letter to the Governor of Bayonne, in which he designated the prisoner as a notorious and dangerous spy, who had inflicted great injury upon the French, and whom he would have hung upon the spot, had it not been that, at the time of his capture, he wore the uniform of the British army. He desired the Governor of Bayonne to place him in prison, and send him up to Paris.

In some measure Grant succeeded in acquainting himself with the contents of this letter, and was

naturally indignant at the double dealing of the French Marshal.

The custom, in most cases, was for a prisoner upon his arrival at Bayonne to report himself to the authorities, and receive from them a passport to travel to Verdun. This Grant did, contriving in the meanwhile to delay the delivery of the letter. He had good reason to believe that if Marmont's orders were carried out, he would be tried, condemned and executed as a spy, and he resolved to make his escape. His parole only applied to Spain, and could not control him one moment after entering France. He was sure that if he could once pass beyond Bayonne, the Governor of that place, thinking he had escaped to the French, would pursue him in that direction, and failing to capture him, would suppress Marmont's letter.

After procuring his passport, Grant inquired at the hotels if any French officers were going to Paris. Learning that General Seheon was returning to Paris from Spain, he boldly waited upon him, announced his name, exhibited his passport, and asked permission to join his party. The general, who knew Grant by reputation, and who admired his gallantry and daring, readily consented to the arrangement, and the party set out. The general was entirely ignorant of Marmont's intentions, and during the journey, frequently rallied Grant upon his adventures. Little did he dream that he was at that moment aiding the gallant partisan in the execution of the most daring and dangerous scheme he had

ever formed. Grant was full of the most perfect safety during the journey. He was fearful that some untoward event might occur, which would place him again in the hands of the French.

At last, to his great joy, the party reached Orleans, and in passing through this city, Grant, by some unaccountable means, discovered an English agent, and upon showing him his passport, received a recommendation to another secret agent in Paris, whose assistance was necessary to his final success. When he arrived at Paris, he took leave of General Seheon, and proceeded to his quarters, where he remained for some time, waiting for the arrival of the secret agent. Upon discovering him, and informing him of his situation, he resolved from his money and such things as he needed. The agent advised him not to appear before the police to have his passport examined, but to remain perfectly quiet until it could be ascertained whether there were any movements on foot to procure his arrest. He also advised Grant to take lodgings in a public street, to visit the coffee-house, and even the theatre, and by no means to appear nervous to avoid suspicion, as he would, by such a course, inevitably draw it upon him. Grant took his advice, and for some time afterwards remained in Paris in perfect safety. In the meantime, the agent, who was in some way connected with the police, learned that no inquiry concerning him had been instituted. Still he could not help feeling anxious, for as long as he remained in France he was in danger.

In a few weeks the agent informed him that a passport was ready for one Jonathan Beck, an American. This Beck had died on the very day the passport was issued, but his death was not yet known to the police, and could be concealed for a while. The agent told Grant that if he chose to leave the risk, he might demand this passport, and leave Paris with it. Being no other prospect of getting away, Grant determined to act upon this suggestion. Accordingly he presented himself before the authorities, and declaring that he was Jonathan Beck, demanded the passport which had been prepared for him.

The unsuspecting authorities delivered the passport to him, and armed with this, Grant immediately set out for the mouth of the Loire. He had reason to believe that he would receive more assistance in that direction than at any other port. His passport enabled him to travel with safety, and his anxiety to escape, caused him to travel with the utmost speed. He had no idea of falling a second time into the hands of the French, and he was by no means desirous of remaining in their country a moment longer than was necessary. He passed through the towns as rapidly as possible, dreading as he entered each, that the French authorities might have discovered the trick he had played upon them, and have taken measures for his arrest. Fortunately he met with no interruption, and after a brief journey reached the mouth of the Loire in safety.

Upon reaching the port, he discovered that the assistance he had expected to receive, would not be forthcoming, and he at once set to work to devise means for his escape from a country which was becoming more odious and dangerous to him every hour. This he found no easy task, for he had to encounter new difficulties and dangers at every step. Once or twice he came near being discovered, but succeeded by his superior skill and ingenuity in averting the danger. His difficulties might have dampened the ardor of a less determined or less able man, but they only tended to increase his exertions, and develop his astonishing talents. At last fortune smiled on him, and seemed to aid him in his plans.

After some time spent in attempting other means of escape, Captain Grant at last took passage for the United States in an American ship. The departure of this vessel being delayed for some time, he was fearful that the delay might endanger his safety, and frankly avowed to the captain of the ship, his true character and perilous situation. Fortunately for him, the captain of the vessel, unlike the majority of his countrymen, was not the friend of France, but sympathized with the English. He advised Grant to assume the character of a discontented American seaman. Grant was delighted with the suggestion, and at once determined to act upon it. The captain of the ship gave him a sailor's dress, and forty dollars. By the advice of the captain, Grant waited upon the American Consul at that port, and deposited the money with him, as a pledge that he would prosecute the captain for ill usage as soon as he arrived in the United States. Upon hearing his statement, and receiving the money, the Consul, as was usual in such cases, gave him a certificate as a discharged sailor, seeking a ship. The chief danger which threatened Grant seemed over now—the certificate of the American Consul would enable him to pass from port to port without molestation, and he might, if he saw proper, travel around the entire French coast.

Not far from the mouth of the Loire is a small island, which at that time was a kind of neutral ground. There the English vessels frequently took in water un molested, and in return for this privilege, they permitted the few inhabitants to fish and trade with perfect freedom.

To this island Grant determined to escape. He knew that if he could once reach it he could easily remain concealed among the inhabitants until the arrival of a British vessel, and as these

AUTUMN WIND.

OUR OLD FRIEND THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Oh, the loquacious Autumn wind,
How softly it comes to-day,
As it flows through the trees away;
How softly we think of the olden time,
And the loved ones that are gone,
As we sit these loquacious Autumn days
And hear the wind's low moan,
And when the silent evening comes,
Our hearts will wander back again
To happier times long past.

For we're many a sweet one who knows
Drops in our bosoms fall,
And many a tear falls on our hearts
Like dew on a coffee bed.
Ah! there's many a grief now past and gone,
And many a joy I've won,
And we think of them all these loquacious days,
As we look through the crimson leaves
Up to the beautiful evening sky,
Hushed in a soft, sweet silence,
And thinking how the king of day
Has left his good-night kiss.

But we quietly pass through the careless world,
With a smile for every one,
And no more dreams of the bitterness
That is in our bosoms lone.
And the loquacious Autumn wind,
That comes with the Autumn rain,
And sighs o'er the heads of the buried ones,
Will rustle o'er our comrades.

MRS. BARTON.

CONVINCED!

A SKETCH OF REAL LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY G. R.

Our story opens in the city of Cologne on the river Rhine.

On a lovely afternoon in the month of May, 18—, in the deep shadow of an old and mighty elm-tree and around a red-dotted table were seated four young men, whose elegant dresses indicated that the visitors belonged to the more favored class of citizens, while their conversation showed them to be followers of *Mercutio*, the god of the mercantile community.

Leisurely our gay friends were sipping their May-trunk, that delicious concoction of wine, sugar, May-herbs and lemon-juice, while now and then some witty remark of one of the number would elicit peals of laughter and friendly repartees.

Thus far the conversation of the young men had been disjointed, consisting only of general remarks generated by the impulse of the moment, but now, when all the ordinary topics were exhausted, young Kelling, one of the party, arose, and lifting his glass to his lips, he said:

"Friends, let us drink a health to all we love!"

"Agreed," the others cried, and all lifting their glasses, the toast was drunk with due decorum.

Then they all relapsed into silence, while a sudden gleam seemed to have fallen on the little party.

There stood a fifth chair in the ring around that rude deal-table, but that chair was empty; and as if by common impulse, the eyes of our four friends were directed towards that vacant seat!

Henceforth their social reunion had been shared by a fifth, Charles Forester, the pride of doting parents, the generous friend of his mates.

But now he was gone from among them, and on the day before they had followed his remains to their last resting-place. Sad were the silent comments of our four companions on the instability of all that is earthly. Rich, young, and the whole world before him, their friend had been called away never more to gladden their hearts by his presence at the convivial board. Should they ever see him again? Aye, who knows!

Young Kelling at last broke the silence.

"What a pity," he said, "that we cannot live always, that sooner or later all our pleasures must end! How beautiful is this world; how brilliant the prospects before us. Yet all must perish, all must crumble into dust. A few years of life and pleasure, then a last farewell, and all is over!"

"Say not so, dear Kelling," broke in his friend, whom we will call Krouse, "you know not how much you grieve me by speaking thus."

As the speaker and his friend Kelling will figure somewhat conspicuously in the incidents which I am about to narrate, a formal introduction of the two young men to my readers may not be out of place.

Albert Kelling was the only son of a wealthy merchant, in whose counting-house he filled the position of book-keeper and correspondent preparatory to his assuming the place of "one of the firm."

He was now twenty-one years of age, full of health and vigor, and possessed of many excellent qualities. He was a young man of more than ordinary ability, generous to a fault and very impulsive. His impulses though were naturally good, and had his education been of the right stamp, he might have become a truly excellent young man.

But in that respect he had been unfortunate, his mother had died while he was yet a child, and his father was too much of a merchant to care for anything else but a thorough business education which would fit him for the important position in store for him.

And so young Kelling had become thoroughly practical, his ledger was kept with a conscientiousness and regularity which astonished and gratified Mr. Kelling's father, while his yearly balance sheet was ever looked upon as a model work of mercantile sagacity, and an undisputed statement of the assets and liabilities of the great firm of Kelling & Co.

But in matters pertaining to the soul, the young man was sadly ignorant. In his earlier youth he had been taught the ten commandments and the first principles of religion; but love of money, which always largely enters into the calculations of the man of business, and the duties of his responsible situation, had gradually crowded out all other thoughts, until naught remained but the mere matter-of-fact man of the world.

His friend Henry Krouse was the son of a steepman, and although poor in comparison

with his more favored companion, the latter looked up to him as his best friend, as an older brother rather than a comrade. Krouse was a promising young man of twenty-four years of age, and if his education had been a practical one, and more directed to the mercantile branch of a free education training had by no means been neglected.

He occupied the respectable position of cashier in one of the most extensive banking houses of the city, and while his superior knowledge and ability were readily acknowledged by every one connected with the house, his honesty and sterling moral worth had secured him the highest esteem of his employers. His father was a truly good man, and although he regarded the spiritual welfare of his son as paramount to every other thing, he was very far from depriving the young man of the remuneration of that world, well knowing that a moderate participation in the enjoyments of life was better than anything else calculated to engender in the human breast a love of our Creator, who in His infinite wisdom gave us them to restrain the excess of our existence.

And now, the introduction being made, except as to the outward appearance of the young men, of which the gentle reader will kindly form her or his own opinion, we will resume the thread of the conversation.

"Why?" asked Kelling, looking up in surprise, "grieve you, my best friend! Much rather I would be silent all my life."

"But is it not as I have said? Is it not a pity that our enjoyments must sooner or later come to an end? Only yesterday we stood on the grave of young Forester, then a noble and more generous young man than the world ever saw. Now he is gone from among us never more to return. Were not his a few years of life and pleasure, then a last farewell, and all is over? How then could I grieve you by speaking as I did?"

"Surely not intentionally, of that I am convinced," Krouse said; "yet nevertheless I am grieved. I know it was the fault of circumstances and of a wrong education, that you should have formed the opinions you now entertain. Yet allow me to say that those opinions are wrong; and believe me, that only my friendship for you prompts me in speaking as I do. You said: 'a last farewell and all is over!'"

"Do you not feel within yourself, that the latter part of this sentence is false?"

"Have you never reflected, that your body, a mere lump of clay cannot live of itself, but that a superior power is necessary to animate it, to make you the reasonable being you are? Call this power mind, reason, or whatever you will; I call it soul; and, my friend, that soul is immortal. Our body is but a garment, to be stripped off when it gets out of order; but the soul, the real man, shall live forever!"

Kelling had listened with astonishment, but still he was incredulous, he could not understand, much less believe, the theories advanced by his friend, and now he replied:

"Stop, my friend, your ideas, I am afraid, have carried you too far. You are too good to lead me into a wrong direction, I know; but it seems to me, you have allowed some outside cause to influence your better judgment. Your theories sound well, but who can understand them, while all around us is as plain as day!"

"Does not everything around us show that we are but the creatures of the moment?"

"Created by nature we are subject to her laws; and according to these we live until we perish to make room for another, and so it goes on until the end of time."

"What is that power which animates our body, that lump of clay? Why, it is the fine organization of the whole, and if one part only of this whole becomes disordered, the organization is destroyed, and the body becomes diseased, or ceases to live. That other power which makes us the reasonable beings we are, is the brain, that seat of all reason in which, as it were, the strings of the balance that holds the different parts of our organization, are centred, and which directs all our movements."

"Thus you have my own theories. If I am wrong, I should be happy to be righted; but let me assure you, that this will be a hard, if not an entirely impossible task."

Krouse despondently shook his head, he was sad, it grieved him exceedingly that his friend, a young man of so many excellent qualities, should be so deficient in that one knowledge, the most important to humanity, and he inwardly resolved to try his utmost to reclaim his erring friend.

That this would be an exceedingly difficult task the young man well knew, for the not un-clever reasoning of young Kelling showed conclusively that the mind of the latter was made up of and impulsive and firm as he was, when once a stand had been taken it would be almost impossible to convince him of the falsity of his own theories.

Still Krouse did not shrink from what he believed to be his duty, and was resolved to make at least one more attempt before he would give up the hope of achieving his purpose.

"You reason apparently well," he said, "but only apparently, for I am sorry to say that all your theories are utterly false. You say that I am too good to lead you astray, and so it is; not that I mean to admit of my being too good, but I may be permitted to say that my friendship for you is too sincere that I could do or say ought in the least calculated to put you in a wrong position. Whatever I may have done, whatever I may hereafter say or do, has been, and will always be, for your own good. You know that; and, therefore, you will not feel hurt when I endeavor to show you the weakness of your reasonings."

"In the first place, then, everything around us shows that we are not mere creatures of the moment, but that we must have been created for some purpose."

"Look at things around you, from the humble plant at your feet to the living animals. Has not everything been created to fulfill a certain mission? This you admit; but do you mean to say that man is inferior to any of these things? No! Well, then, man must have to fulfill a mission. But now we know that a great many human beings die before they have had time to attain to the object for which they were evidently created. What then? Is that object never to be attained? Surely it is; and this object being to fit us for a future state, as it cannot be anything else, there certainly must be a hereafter."

"Then we come to the next point of your argument. There you say, we are created by nature, and therefore subject to her laws."

"As far as our body is concerned, we certainly are subject to the so-called laws of nature; but our creation must positively emanate from a higher source."

"Nature is but an agent, and not a creative power. It is as it were, a vast chemical laboratory, directed and watched by an Almighty hand."

Let me illustrate. According to the so-called laws of nature, nothing new is created and nothing perishes. Take our own body, for instance. After the soul has left that tenement, the latter crumbles into dust; this dust mixes with the earth, while part of it, and particularly the blood, is directed into vapor, and ascends to the clouds, whence it falls down again as rain."

"By some chemical process, this rain, by uniting with the earth, converts the latter into seeds or grains, either directly or the other of these has been brought into contact with it. The seed or grain so produced, or the plants thereof, are eaten, either by man directly, or by an animal. In the latter case, these products are converted into flesh, blood, milk, or butter, all of which substances serve to nourish the human being, and so, in course of time, this body of ours will again be converted into a tenement for another immortal soul."

"And this chemical process, this converting power, we call nature, while the so-called laws of nature are the laws laid down by Him who created this great laboratory."

"But, you ask, whence come man—whence came everything else we see around us?"

"And I most emphatically answer: All were created, but by a power far superior to nature, and that power we call our God!"

"And now we come to the last part of your argument: What is that power which animates our body, which makes us reasonable beings?"

"That our body, although ever so finely organized, cannot live or move by itself, but requires some power outside of itself to animate it, or to set it in motion, is, I think, clearly demonstrated by what I have said before."

"I said—'you have admitted it, as, in fact, every thinking being must admit—'that our body is but a lump of clay. But can the mere construction, be it ever so fine and scientific, of a lump of clay make the latter live or move? Impossible, you say. The mere construction certainly cannot do it; yet the constructor can, and I can easily tell you how. He can insert wheels or any kind of machinery; then he can admit water, steam, or any other motive power, and so he can make that clay move at will. And so it is done with our body, which, in fact, is nothing else but a well-constructed machine."

"But while we make use of steam, or water, or any other agent that may be known to us, the great director of that vast laboratory, nature, has another motive power, which not only has all the virtues of steam, water, &c., but which, at the same time, is possessed of reason; and so, by being brought in contact with our body, makes us so vastly superior to the brute creation."

"And this motive power, my dear friend, we call soul!"

"But not only a motive power possessed of reason is our soul; it is also greatly superior to our body, all of those motions it directs."

"That other power, you said, which makes us the reasonable beings we are, is the brain, which directs all our movements. But does not our brain, like all the other parts of our body, also consist of clay? Or should that portion of clay be superior to the rest? No, sir! Clay is clay, and form out of it what you will, it remains the same inanimate substance. Yet, nevertheless, it is true that the brain is the seat of reason. In every well-constructed machine there is one particular place, where the motive power is collected, and whence it emanates to set the different parts of the machine in motion."

"In the human body this place is the head, and more particularly that spot where the brain is located, and therefore this spot, being the seat of the soul, is the seat of reason."

"I said before, that the soul is superior to and controls the body, and this I will endeavor to prove. As long as the soul inhabits the body, the latter lives and moves; but as soon as that motive power leaves, the body dies and its movements cease."

"How could this be so if the brain were the power that directs our motions? In numerous cases when the body had died, the head has been opened, the brain taken out, and subjected to closest scrutiny; yet in a great many instances it has been found perfect, and not in the least affected, while even the nerves or strings which connect it with the other parts of the body have been found to be uninjured. How, then, could the body have died in these instances? Either the body cannot die as long as the brain, and the nerves connecting it with the body remain unaffected, or else that organ cannot be the power which controls and directs our movements."

"But now what I have said of the brain is equally true of every other part of the body, and therefore there must be a power outside of the body which controls it, and I again say, this is the soul."

"Then again we have sometimes heard of pre-sentiment and pre-vision, in the existence of which it is almost impossible to believe. Yet it has been demonstrated beyond a doubt that such things do occur. And now, I would ask you, how can you account for that? Not in any natural way, surely; it must be something supernatural, and therefore spiritual. What is it, the inference? That our body must be inhabited by a spirit, and this spirit is the soul."

"Of sudden shocks, too, that always more or less affect the person afflicted, we saw and then hear. If the weight of such a shock is sufficiently heavy, and falls on the brain, this becomes disordered, and the natural consequence is mental derangement; whereas all other parts of the body remain uninjured. If, however, this shock falls directly on the soul, then the entire body becomes affected. This I can best illustrate by relating to you an incident, that I some time ago witnessed in a town in the northern part of Germany, which I had occasion to visit."

"While sitting in the parlor of my hotel one evening, I was introduced to several gentlemen with whom I spent some very pleasant hours. Our conversation had become somewhat animated, when all at once one of my new acquaintances became as pale as death, and showed all the signs of a fearful mental excitement. We all jumped up and hastened to his assistance, but he waved us back, and in startling tones exclaimed:

"I see my house on fire, and my wife and children in the flames!"

"Hardly had the last word left the man's lips, when a messenger rushed in, and, announcing that the house was burning, and that the lady and two children were missing, corroborated the statement which we had just heard, and which could have been nothing else but a pre-vision, as the house in question was situated near the outskirts of the town, and not to be seen from where we were sitting."

"Never shall I forget the scene which now followed. When he had heard the report of the

messenger, that poor afflicted man's soul was completely crushed. There he sat like a ghost, his hands close to the roof of his mouth, his limbs became cold and rigid, and I firmly believe that he would not have survived the shock but for a reaction just as sudden and unexpected."

"We were long endeavoring to restore the unhappy man to consciousness, when the door of our room flew open, and in rushed the wife and children, who had just been rescued from the burning building. Then the man survived, but for weeks he was confined to his bed, and even yet, I hear, he has not entirely recovered, while his hair, before glossy, and black as the raven's wing, has assumed the color of fresh fallen snow."

"The brain, in this instance, remained unaffected, and that, therefore, could not have been the motive power, as little as any other part of the body, for mere clay, or a matter of course, is inanimate. What, then, was it? The soul!"

"One thing more, and I have done."

"I said before, that according to the so-called laws of nature, nothing new is created and nothing perishes; and if that is true of our body, how much more so should it be of our soul, which is so infinitely superior to the former."

"I believe I have proved to you that there is a hereafter, that there is a God, that we have a soul, and I think that now you will believe with me, that our soul is immortal!"

Albert Kelling sat like one entranced. Never before had he heard such truths, yet he was not convinced.

"Henry," he said, "your reasoning is splendid, and I begin to think that your theories are not altogether wrong; but pardon me, if I must say that as yet I cannot entirely share your opinions. What you say about pre-vision, for instance, I cannot understand, while, although I do not doubt that a sudden shock should produce such results as you have described, I cannot believe that either the soul or the brain have anything to do with them."

"Where such results are produced, there must be a diseased organization or an uncommon weakness of the nervous system. But I can never believe that, when the former is healthy, and the latter strong, a mere shock, however sudden and heavy, can cause any lasting impression on the body. Here, for instance, am I, whose organization, I have every reason to believe, is good, while my nerves are as strong as those of any man. If ever my hair should turn white, through any other cause than sickness or old age, I will unhesitatingly subscribe to your theories. But our conversation has given me cause for reflection, and you may rest assured that I shall not forget what you to-day have told me."

The friends then were silent, Krouse saw that it would be useless to say more, for that day at least, and as it now had grown late, the young men quitted the garden to go to their several homes.

Thirty years have elapsed since the incidents above recorded, and great changes had taken place in the interval. Mr. Kelling, Sr., had died and had left his son the sole proprietor of his extensive business. In the excitement, health and care usually attending a great mercantile establishment the young man had found no time to think seriously of the conversation which he had had with his friend Krouse, and the latter had soon after with his family removed to the city of Bonn, where now he was at the head of a wealthy banking firm.

My indulgent reader will kindly accompany me into a splendidly furnished saloon in the residence of Mr. Albert Kelling, which, as usual with mercantile houses in Germany at that time, was in the same building with the office and warehouse.

It is a calm winter's evening, and the saloon is splendidly illuminated, while through the open folding-doors a large hall is seen, also magnificently furnished and lighted by numerous chandeliers and candelabra. This hall contains an apparently well selected company of ladies and gentlemen, all exquisitely dressed in the latest fashions, while in one corner of the apartment a choice band discourses sweet music, inviting the younger portion of the assembly to the lively dance. Near the middle of the hall stands a beautiful young lady seemingly about eighteen years old and richly dressed in silk, velvet and brocade. She is Mr. Kelling's only daughter, and it is her wedding which has assembled all those handsome women and elegant men. Her hand rests on the arm of her young husband, and the pair are surrounded by their congratulating friends. All that day Mr. Kelling's store has been closed, while all the clerks of the house, most of whom live and board with their employer, have been invited to take part in the festivities.

In the afternoon a load of merchandise had arrived from a boat just landed, and the office being closed, the goods had merely been compared with the accompanying bill of lading and then put into the cellar. But in that load there had been two casks branded with skull and cross bones, and marked: Gunpowder. These should have been sent to the magazine outside of the city; but to do this, one of the clerks would have been required to go to the proper authorities for a permit, and then to hunt up one of the carriers expressly licensed for that purpose. But the merchant, unwilling to break it upon the enjoyment of his employees, opened the casks to see if the contents were dry, and in good order before paying the freight, and then had them conveyed to his own wine vault, where he was sure, they would remain undisturbed until the next morning, the key, meantime, remaining in his own possession.

We now return to the above-mentioned saloon, where around a small table, laden with tempting viands and glasses filled with the sparkling juice of the grape sat Albert Kelling, Henry Krouse, and three other friends. The generous host is just uncorking an old and dusty bottle, which John the trusty servant had that instant brought from the private wine vault, to regale his dear friends with something uncommonly good, and the conversation becomes more animated.

Krouse is speaking of former times, he reminds his friend of that conversation in the shadow of the old elm-tree thirty years ago.

"Ha! ha! ha!" Kelling laughs.

"I have not forgotten it, only I have had no time to think about it. But see, my hair is as black as ever, although I have sustained many a sudden and heavy shock. It must be as I said—"

"Sudden shocks may affect unhealthy constitutions and weak nerves; but where the one is healthy and the other strong they fall harmless."

"And so the conversation is continued while time passes on. An hour has gone by in this way as suddenly the eyes of the merchant become fixed on some particular object. He rises;—

careful! how he stares! His gaze is thrown to start from his pocket! What can it mean? Perchance his friends do not perceive it?"

He has caught a glimpse of his daughter on the nerves among her guests like a young queen. But what is that other thing at her side? It is a cask—branded with skull and cross-bones and marked—Gunpowder; and in the midst of this cask there burns a light, the glowing wick hanging low down, every moment threatening to fall.

"John!"—the tones are low and suppressed.

"John!"—and the old servant appears.

"John, I need you for a bottle of wine?"

"Yes, sir."

"What because of your light?"

"In—in—for God's sake, master, do not look at me in that unbecomingly manner."

"What because of your light?"

"In my hurry I snatched up a loose candle, and when, on reaching the vault, I found that I could not open the closet with the light in my hand, I looked about me for a place where I could put it. I saw a cask, and, as I had not

carefully examined the cover, I saw that this cask contained gunpowder. In this case I think my candle is—oh, do not blame me—where I left it. Holy Trinity! I had a tremor when I saw it, Mr. Kelling could not have been more terrified."

The conversation between master and servant had been apart and out of hearing of any one else, and, therefore, nobody perceived the former's emotion but the latter, in whom the whole affair appeared like some terrible dream.

Telling John in a few brief words to go to his room until called for, the merchant crept down stairs, slowly, and with the utmost caution, lest a sudden draught should cause the candle to flare or detach a spark, he opened the door of the vault, and there, right before him, he beheld the cask with the candle still burning, while the glowing wick hung within two inches of the powder. With wonderful presence of mind Mr. Kelling advanced, and stretched out his arm as to intercept the wick if it should fall. Then he pressed the candle between his open hands and safely removed it.

Half an hour later John made his appearance in the saloon and informed Mr. Krouse that his master had suddenly been taken ill and retired, at the same time apologizing for the coming retards.

The next morning when Mr. Kelling's family, Mr. Krouse, and most of his friends as had passed the remainder of the night beneath his roof were assembled at the breakfast-table in the large hall, the merchant made his appearance.

His face was pale as death, and his hair black and glossy the night before, was as white as fresh fallen snow.

All were thunderstruck, and exclamations of wonder and awe rose to their lips. But Kelling, raising the forefinger of his right hand, commanded silence. Then he told his fearful story, and, taking Henry Krouse's hand, he concluded:

"Thirty years ago, my friend here and I had a conversation. Then I did not understand him; but now I am convinced—Yes, there is a God, we have an immortal soul, and there is a Hereafter."

Leathern Artillery.

The field-pieces of former ages were machines of iron or brass, immensely cumbersome, and almost unmanageable. The problem to be solved was, how to render a gun more portable without lessening its projectile force. After full consideration of the matter, Robert Scott came to the conclusion that there was "nothing like leather." Of hardened leather, therefore, he constructed guns. The correctness of his idea was tested by experiment, and the result was considered to show the immeasurable superiority of leather over brass and iron. Why he did not lay the invention at the feet of his own liege sovereign it is needless to inquire. Perhaps he did so, and was punished for his pains, as other inventions have been since his time. At all events he raised a company of two hundred men, and went over to Sweden, where he was welcomed by Gustavus Adolphus, king, seeing his ability and the value of his discovery, forthwith took him into his service, and at the end of two years rewarded him with an office of quartermaster-general of the army.

After five years service under Gustavus, he repaired to Denmark, where he was appointed general of the King's Artillery; but soon afterwards yielding to the advice of friends, he returned to England, and tendered his services to his own sovereign, King Charles I. This step, which was taken in 1720, turned out a very profitable one for the colonel. He was received with open arms by Charles, who appointed him one of the gentlemen of the privy chamber, granted him an annual pension of £500 out of the Court of Wards, and purchased for him a house in Lambeth at a cost of £1,000. Colonel Scott, however, did not live long to enjoy these tokens of the royal favor; for dying in 1731, he was buried in Lambeth church, where a sumptuous monument, still to be seen, was erected to his memory by his loving wife Anne, whom he married in France. The sculptor has represented the colonel as an armor-clad, fierce-looking man, wearing a heavy moustache and pointed beard.

In the very year of the colonel's death, Gustavus Adolphus had an ample proof of the effectiveness and utility of the leathern artillery, at the memorable battle of Leipzig. The guns were found to be so portable that a small battery could easily be removed from one part of the field to another, or a new battery was made in the space of ten minutes; and when a fresh attack was about to be made on the part of the enemy, a battery was immediately at hand to repel it. In fact, it was in great measure owing to the invention of Col. Scott that the Swedish King obtained so glorious a victory; and the Imperial General Tilly himself was constrained to admit that the portable cannon performed wonders. How it came about that the leathern ordnance was shortly afterwards laid aside as worthless, is difficult to explain, or even to conjecture; but it is not recorded to have made any subsequent appearance on the battle-field, though a leathern cannon was fired in Edinburgh so late as the year 1788—probably out of curiosity.—All the Year Round.

"Every man deems that he has precisely the trials and temptations which are the hardest of all for him to bear; but they are so, because they are the very ones he needs."

"The Marquis of Bute will have about two millions of ready money on his coming of age. He is in his 17th year. 'Booby and beauty' for some smart girl to secure."

and she was promised to go to Harrods and look after her mother.

Then, though she shook her head in a faintly negative manner, she promised with her eyes open, and the guest departed, glad that she had done so.

"Why not?" she asked herself. Why should he not be glad that a fresh, pretty, intelligent girl, young enough to be his daughter, should be a work of art—a work of art? There was no reason against it. Nothing to render such a connection undesirable. He was a time-honored man of the world, who had outlived all feeling such as might be detrimental to the peace of his life. He had all his life experienced a certain pleasure in doing a kind action which he had not to go out of his path to accomplish. It would be doing a kind action to introduce this Miss Leigh, who seemed to have but a dull life of it, to a woman who could render that life more lively, if it so pleased her, even at twenty miles distance.

"And it will please Kate, to please me," she said with a laugh in his eyes. "So why not do it for the little girl?"

He sat down in the little parlor of the Bull Tavern and wrote a letter, over the composition of which he labored more than one would have imagined to be so easy. With his look of haughtiness, with that air of condensed pride and suppressed passion in his face he was not the kind of man one would have accused of halting over a form of address to any mortal, not choosing his words and phrases with thought and labor.

But it was written at last, written and directed to "Mrs. Galton, Harrods, Green, Harrods, London." After that Mr. French went to bed in a low-placed room, and dreamt that he was in a boat that was being pulled round a bend by two long-dead friends of his. In his arms a woman was lying, and she wore the Greek costume, and her face was the face of Theo Leigh. This mingling of the real and the ideal discomposed him sorely in his sleep, and finally caused him to wake with a start and a curse. After remaining intensely wide awake for a time, he got up and destroyed that letter which he had written with so much care and thought, and resolved to leave Houghton to-morrow.

But with the dawning of that morning came the death of the resolution. The bright clear April air, the appetite which it engendered, the difficulty of finding in broad daylight a reason why he should do so, and above all the habit he had of always doing as he wished, decided him upon remaining yet another day in the village to which he had drifted aimlessly, the village that had shown him that which he had never thought to look upon again—something that had the power to stir him.

He may readily be forgiven for not remaining at the Bull long after breakfast. He stayed just long enough to write another letter to Mrs. Galton, and this time he wrote it in haste and gave no pains to its composition. Then, when he had given the epistle into the hands of a trusty-looking idler, who made many promises as to its rapid delivery at the post-office, he walked up to the Leighs', for the sake of borrowing the Dollard and going upon the look-out.

Had Theo expected him? He almost longed to ask her, there was so full an assurance of what her answer would be in the vivid brightness of her face when he appeared. It was the flash of bluish realization more than gratified surprise. It was such a flash as a woman can flame out upon the man who moves her in very truth alone. Harold French was a man, nothing more nor less, and he read it right.

She was far too open a book, this girl of nineteen, for him not to read, and read right at a glance. It had been the expectation, the hope of seeing him which had robbed her this morning with a grace a woman can attain until the spirit of love bestows it upon her. There was a seductive softness about the folds of the muslin bodice this day that could come only from the softened touch of the hand that had learned to tremble at a heart thrill, a very tenderness of treatment about the flow of the skirt that could only be the result of that visual accuracy which is solely her portion who would adorn still more what may perchance seem beautiful already in the eyes of him who is now the world to her. There was all this, and still more besides. For on the face of Theo Leigh there had come a light which was a revelation to him of the heart that dwelt in the girl; and he knew that this light beams only once in a life-time, and then for the man who first thoroughly awakens that heart, and causes it to know that it beats for some other purpose than that of mere existence.

The heroines of old romance were always dressed in white muslin at most incongruous times and seasons. White muslin represented purity, poverty, grace, and guilelessness, and they one and all wore it. But we costume in these days with a more rigorous eye and a more correct taste. We go back to the fashion books of the year in which the events we relate occurred, and so in these minor matters are rarely caught tripping. This confession may weaken the interest of those readers who decline to believe that novels are built up bit by bit, and who do not to favor the supposition that they are struck out of nothing in a white heat of inspiration. But those who care for correctness of detail will be glad to learn that when we give a full description of the ball-dress of our heroine, we do so on an unimpeachable authority.

On this April morning Theo had dressed herself in a muslin that was a muslin of muslin, a very muslin of clearness and fineness. It had a white ground, powdered thickly with black dots that rendered the white ground still clearer and whiter, as does the patch on the cheek of beauty; over and above these black dots there was a violet something that might be a leaf, or a beetle, or a more invention of the designer, and the effect of this when hung upon Theo Leigh, and tied in round her waist and neck and wrist, was something that muslin might well feel proud of itself for attaining.

There had been a little comment at the breakfast-table on this appearance of Theo when she came down that morning so radiant with joy.

"Why, Theo! how's this?" her mother had said; and her father even had looked up proudly at his daughter, and remarked, "Hullo, Theo! how do you get up?" To which Theo had replied, "It is as hot, you know, not too hot at all, but quite warm enough to make me take the coolest dress I had laid away." As the coolest dress was therefore undoubtedly becoming, who could say anything against the selection, whatever the cause of it?

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A Novel Capillary Invention.
The great literary exponent of the movement of high life, "in a recent number, a singular history of a novel capillary invention which extends to the entire system. In the late Dr. Douglas a fair capillary can never be seen without her remarkable lap-dog, and the same capillary her demands that the said animal should appear every day with a new and various-colored coat. An individual who, in these years, made a rapid fortune, has discovered the means of giving color to the hairy skin of animals, so that one day a dog has an outward green appearance, the next-day blue, another violet, and so on. The health of the animal thus operated upon is by no means injured, but, according to the report, his temper is changed and corresponds with his particular hue. Then, it is asserted, a red dye makes him epileptic, a green calms him, chocolate makes him gloomy and sorrowful, whilst blue has the power of exciting him to mischief. It may be remembered that Virgil painted out the effects of changing the color of animals by feeding them on particular vegetables. The metamorphosis of the present day is, however, effected by the process of dying and of infusion. The love of luxury, it appears, is strongly developed. A little dog, when fresh gilt, becomes haughty, proud, and insolent to his companions, and does not allow strangers to approach him. As his gilding fades away his disdain and pride gradually lessen, and he at length returns to his former moral as well as physical state.

The following conversation is said to have passed between a theatrical manager and an aspirant for theatrical honors. It is quite a good one, and rather clever on "stage."

Manager—What is your pleasure?
Aspirant—I want an engagement at your theatre.
Manager—But you stammer.
Aspirant—Like Butter.
Manager—You are very small.
Aspirant—Like Kean.
Manager—You speak monotonously.
Aspirant—Like Macready.
Manager—And through the nose.
Aspirant—Like Booth.
Manager—And you make faces.
Aspirant—Like Burton.
Manager—You have badly shaped legs.
Aspirant—Like Wallack.
Manager—And heavy arms.
Aspirant—Like Forrest.
Manager—And an awkward person.
Aspirant—Like Blake.
Manager—But you unite the defects of all these artists.
Aspirant—That's the just it. If you engage me, you will need no cast-iron at all.

THE MARKETS.
WHEAT AND MEAL.—Some 9,000 bushels of wheat have been disposed of at \$1.75, 1.76, 1.77, 1.78, 1.79, 1.80, 1.81, 1.82, 1.83, 1.84, 1.85, 1.86, 1.87, 1.88, 1.89, 1.90, 1.91, 1.92, 1.93, 1.94, 1.95, 1.96, 1.97, 1.98, 1.99, 2.00, 2.01, 2.02, 2.03, 2.04, 2.05, 2.06, 2.07, 2.08, 2.09, 2.10, 2.11, 2.12, 2.13, 2.14, 2.15, 2.16, 2.17, 2.18, 2.19, 2.20, 2.21, 2.22, 2.23, 2.24, 2.25, 2.26, 2.27, 2.28, 2.29, 2.30, 2.31, 2.32, 2.33, 2.34, 2.35, 2.36, 2.37, 2.38, 2.39, 2.40, 2.41, 2.42, 2.43, 2.44, 2.45, 2.46, 2.47, 2.48, 2.49, 2.50, 2.51, 2.52, 2.53, 2.54, 2.55, 2.56, 2.57, 2.58, 2.59, 2.60, 2.61, 2.62, 2.63, 2.64, 2.65, 2.66, 2.67, 2.68, 2.69, 2.70, 2.71, 2.72, 2.73, 2.74, 2.75, 2.76, 2.77, 2.78, 2.79, 2.80, 2.81, 2.82, 2.83, 2.84, 2.85, 2.86, 2.87, 2.88, 2.89, 2.90, 2.91, 2.92, 2.93, 2.94, 2.95, 2.96, 2.97, 2.98, 2.99, 3.00, 3.01, 3.02, 3.03, 3.04, 3.05, 3.06, 3.07, 3.08, 3.09, 3.10, 3.11, 3.12, 3.13, 3.14, 3.15, 3.16, 3.17, 3.18, 3.19, 3.20, 3.21, 3.22, 3.23, 3.24, 3.25, 3.26, 3.27, 3.28, 3.29, 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WIT AND HUMOR.

DO YOU REMEMBER THE

Old Governor B.—has many laughable stories told of him. I remember seeing him once in a state of great mental distress. The circumstances were as follows:

The Governor, returning home from a tour to the northern part of the state, put up for the night at a hotel in the flourishing and beautiful village of Princeton, situated on the Fox river. The next morning, after getting up, he discovered that he had left his trunk at the hotel, empty of course. He just then saw one of his neighbors going to Princeton, and in his most desperate way requested him to "call at the hotel and see if there was not a little trunk belonging to him."

"Yes, with pleasure," replied the kind and obliging neighbor.

When ready to return, he found his wagon heavily loaded; the trunk proved to be a large and well-stocked one, quite heavy, and it was quite certain, to the principle of attendance probabilities, that he would never get a case for his trouble; an axiom that it was safe at the hotel, he drove home. As he approached the residence of the Governor, the latter went out and opened the gate, expecting the trunk would be taken in and left at the door. The farmer told him he was not coming in.

"But," says the Governor, "did you not get my trunk?"

"No, you didn't ask me to get it."

"Did not? What would you call it I asked you?" demanded the exasperated Governor.

"Why, you asked me to find and see if it was there. I did so, and you will find it safe there any day by just driving over to Princeton. Good day, Governor, good day."

So the Governor did not ask that neighbor to do any more errands for him.

A Considerate Husband.

A lady who had been travelling during the past summer, on her return home wrote to a distant friend on account of her journey, and, among other things, of the following adventure: "I concluded my various exploits by suddenly visiting old Neptune's bed at the bottom of the ocean. Not at my own free-will, however. I was suddenly thrown from the deck of a ship as we were out on a fishing excursion. As usual, my good man was after me in a twinkling, and caught me as I appeared on the surface, and, with prompt assistance from the boat, I was fished up again, a sorry-looking specimen of humanity, but all sound and unharmed, though a very narrow escape." And after some more matters, she added: "I am going to leave room for — to speak for himself. I think he is able, as he is now fifty years old. So the husband — the good man — does speak for himself, and adds a P. S., in which, among other things, he says: "Mrs. — tells me she has written to you about her being saved from being food for fishes by the subscriber. Well, it may be so, but she had on a great lot of jewelry, which I thought was worth saving, particularly as gold now is pretty high."

ANOTHER SHAKE.—Mr. B. (a very clear man, too, by the way) who lives but a stone's throw from Camp Curtis, was annoyed beyond measure by the depredations of the men, who destroy his fences, appropriate his fruit, etc. A fine large pear tree, standing under the weight of rich fruit just ripening, stands by a shed near the house. Seeing some soldiers clubbing the tree he drove them off; and, lest they might come again, he at once ordered a force to strip the tree, which was done, and not a pear left upon its branches.

Between eight and nine that eve, while sitting on the porch, he heard the heavy tramp of soldiers approaching, and as they neared the house, a strong voice gave the command, "File left! Halt! Mount the shed! Up the tree, boys!" and some twenty men were soon clambering among its limbs. "Now give her a shake!" rang out the same loud voice; and the old tree underwent such a shaking as it never before experienced. Then there was a lull, and quietly, without command, the demoralized force withdrew, while our friend of the house lustily sang out: "Give her another shake!"

IRISH FUGACITY.—Cornelius O'Dowd, in the last Blackwood, tells a story of an Irishman, bound over to keep the peace against all her Majesty's subjects, exclaiming: "then Heaven help the first fugitive I meet."

FRENCH has a curious representation of an Irishman who has got the worst of it in a street fight. He better half approaches the vanquished hero, when the following colloquy ensues:

Wife of his Duenn (to Vanquished Hero).—"Terrorize, ye great Unadawn, what do yer git into this trouble for?"

Vanquished Hero (to Wife of his Duenn).—"Dye call it trouble, now? why, it's engre-mant!"

BRITISH THE SOUL OF WIT.—The commandant of Libby Prison issued a stringent order that Union prisoners must limit their letters to six lines. The following is a specimen:

"My Dear Wife—You received—no hope of exchange—could you send—want socks—no money—very good—send money—God bless you—this the lady—Belle Columbia." "Your devoted husband."

A carpenter who was always preoccupied with his own affairs, was one day upon the roof of a five-story building, upon which had fallen a rain. The roof being slippery, he lost his footing, and as he was descending towards the corner, he exclaimed: "Just as I told you!" Catching, however, in the tin spout, he slipped off his shoes and regained a place of safety, from which he then delivered himself: "I knowed it; there's a pair of shoes gone to—thunder!"

"Pete, how does your father hamper his sheep to prevent them from jumping over fences?" "Oh! that's easy enough; he just cuts a hole through one hind leg, and sticks the other one through it, and then puts the first leg through that for a pin."

An Irishman dropped a letter into the post-office the other day, with the following inscription on the envelope: "To the Hon. Mr. J. M. McKim, President of the Board of Education, New York City." "Please hasten the delivery of this."



PHOTO (who has an idea the governor is within hearing).—"Nasty, cross old thing." "FRIENDS."—"But we must have charity for her, Freddy. You know she is such an unpleasant age."

Deceiving Children.

I was spending a few days with an intimate friend, and never did I see a more systematic housewife, and what then seemed to me a girl who had so quiet and complete control of her child. But the secret of the latter I soon learned. One evening she wished to spend with me at a neighbor's—it was a small social gathering of friends, therefore she was very desirous of attending; but her child demanded her presence with him, and hearing him say his prayers she said: "Willie, did you not see that pretty little kitten in the street to-day?"

"Yes, I did," he replied; "I wish I had her; wasn't she pretty?"

"Yes, very; now don't you want me to buy the kitten for you? Perhaps the man will sell her."

"Oh, yes, mother, do buy her."

"Well, then, be a good boy while I am gone." Thus saying, she closed the door, but he immediately called her back.

"Don't go till morning, then I can go with you, won't you stay?"

"No, Willie! the man won't sell it if I don't go to-night; so be a good boy."

"Is this the way you govern your child?" said I, after we had gained the street: "if you but knew the injury you are doing, you would take a different course."

"Injury!" she repeated, "what harm have I done? I did not tell him I could see the man—"

"But you gave him to understand that you would. He is not old enough to detect the difference now, but he soon will be. Then I fear you will perceive your error too late. You have yourself grafted a thorn in the young rose, which will eventually pierce you most bitterly. You cannot break off the thorn, or rub the point, to make it less piercing. On your return he will see the kitten, therefore you will have to invent another falsehood to conceal the first."

We had now gained our friend's door, which ended our conversation. During the evening she seemed gay and happy; my words had little or no effect upon her. She did not think her little one was doing all he could to keep awake and see the coveted kitten on her return, wondering what made "mother so long." It was late as I reminded her we ought to return. But she was so tired during our homeward walk. She went noticeably into the room, supposing her boy asleep; but he heard her and said:

"Mother, is that you? Have you brought the kitten; I kept awake to see it, and I was so sleepy!"

"No, my dear; the man would not sell her."

"Why won't he, mother?" he asked with quivering lips.

"I don't know; I suppose he wants her to catch rats and mice."

"Did he say so, mother?"

"He did not say just that, but I thought he meant so."

"I did want it so bad, mother." The little lips quivered, and the tears started to his eyes. He rubbed them with his little hands, wringing very fast to keep them back, but they would come; at last he fell asleep with the pearly drops glistening on his rosy cheeks. The mother's glance turned to him as he lay in his bed, and he murmured softly in his broken slumber, "I did want it so bad." She turned her dewy eyes toward me, saying:

"You have led me to see my error. Never will I again, let what will be the consequence, deceive my child to please myself."

Mother, are you permitting the same deception? If you are, pause and think of the consequences as it is too late. Does it not seem to you confidence in a person when you find out they have been deceiving you? Will it not also that of your children in you when they become old enough to detect it? Besides it would be very strange if they themselves did not imitate you in things of more importance.

It is the pride and joy of a mother's heart to gain and retain the entire confidence of her child, and it is in her power to do so if she but exercises that power by precept and example.—N. Y. Independent.

A correspondent of the Chicago Tribune gives the following derivation of Admiral Farragut's name:—"Farragut is a provincial form of the German verb 'fahren'—to drive or to move."

"To move upon the water," or "to sail." Out of course, is pure German, and means "good." So Farragut is equivalent to "one who moves well upon the water," or "a good sailor."

The London Journal tells of a case of suicide by a country lad, which hanged itself with a horse-hair.

Old Dr. Beecher's Idea of Heaven.

Excepting exemption from sin, intense grief, and undying sorrow, is the greatest pleasure of mind. I could hardly wish to enter Heaven did I believe the inhabitants were idly to sit by purling streams, fanned by balmy airs. Heaven, to be a place of happiness, must be a place of activity. Has the far-reaching mind of Newton ceased its profound investigations? Has David hung up his harp as useless as the dusty arms of Westminster Abbey? Has Paul, glowing with Godlike enthusiasm, ceased uttering the universe of God? Are Peter, and Cyrran, and Edwards, and Payson, and Kravis, idling away eternity in mere palm-swinging? Heaven is a place of restless activity, the abode of never tiring thought. David and Isaiah will sweep nobler and loftier strains in eternity, and the minds of saints, unclogged by cumbersome clay, will forever feast on the banquet of rich and glorious thought. My young friends, go on, then; you will never get through.

A society has lately been formed in Bordeaux, France, to put down the superstitions of evil omens. As everybody knows, it is accounted bad luck to begin anything on a Friday, or to sit at a table with thirteen, or to balance a chair on one leg, or to spill salt around before commencing. In the whole year, during which bad luck had been thus defied, no single fatality had, as yet, occurred to any member.

It is easy enough for a sordid man to refuse society and go into the desert; the real difficulty is to dwell there.

AGRICULTURAL.

The Art of Letting Land Alone.

Notwithstanding our farmers have learned many important lessons during the last dozen years, and have made wonderful progress in almost every branch of husbandry, there yet remains one lesson of great importance that many have not learned, and one which must be not only acquired, but practiced, before a man can become a good farmer. It does not consist in doing, but in not doing; not in cultivating land, but in letting it alone—and we judge it is an art as difficult to practice as it is to learn, and more difficult to learn, perhaps, than almost anything else in the line of the farmer's practice.

The course of many farmers in this state, even at this day, is ruinous to the land they till, and instead of becoming better, it is growing worse from year to year. Land needs rest. No matter how much it is manured, it needs to be let alone occasionally. True, most soils will produce a crop every year, provided the land is given a good dressing, but the same soil becomes in a much better manner fitted for the same or other crops, by having seasons of rest. Hence a rotation of crops is recommended, whereby the same field produces different crops each year, and has an opportunity of resting during the course.

We are much surprised that many farmers will persist in cultivating over and over again, the same fields, often with the same crop, year after year, instead of digging into their new land. They need to learn the art of letting land alone. Some farmers in cultivating their lands do not get enough in return to pay for the manure and labor which their crops cost. Such should practice letting land alone, until they can cultivate it in such a way as to make it pay all the expense, produce good returns, and be in better condition each year than before.

There are farmers who are always doing too much. They are constantly hurried, have their hands full of business, and, to use a common expression, "get more than they can carry." They attempt to go over—do not cultivate, for they practice is a digression to the same—too much land, and as a consequence their work is but half done; their land half manured, and they harvest but half a crop. Let them practice the art of letting land alone; by so doing, their work will be made, their crops larger, and their farm will increase in value. It is better for land to lay still and rest than to be half manured and half sown.

Fallows are not much practiced among our farmers—not so much, we judge, as they were some years ago. It is an excellent practice for some soils, and we wonder it is not oftener resorted to where land must be "let alone" for some cause or other. Besides giving an opportunity for destroying noxious weeds, which may be ploughed under and thus add to the fertility of the soil, land which lies in fallow is benefited by the action of the atmosphere, and the in-

crease of rain, frost, sunshine, and wind. In the old country it is practiced to a great extent, and the soil is thereby rendered more fertile. It restores oxygen, carbonic acid and ammonia from the air, and these the land retains for the future use of crops, besides rendering soluble many of the valuable mineral salts contained in the soil. These salts—such as potash, chlorine, magnesia and iron, often soda and lime—(all prime elements in the food of plants) are rendered soluble, and thereby fitted to become food for plants, when leached up and laid in contact with the atmosphere. For these and other reasons, many of our farmers need to understand the art of letting their land alone.—Maine Farmer.

How to Keep Butter.

After talking over as much butter as will last for a week or fortnight if the weather is cold, I take two quarts of water, one of clean fine salt, one pound of white sugar, and a teaspoonful of salt-petre; when dissolved, lay a piece of white flannel over the butter, (covering it closely around the edges,) and pour on part of this brine. Head up the flannel, and let it drain out in a wash-tub, and put in some more, driving down the hoops; every time butter is taken out close the flannel in this way. If the salt does not all dissolve in the brine, add a little more water. One recipe will do for one hundred pounds of butter. With this recipe I have kept butter into July, in Brooklyn.—M. J. R., in New York Observer.

REUBEN AND ANAPROPE.—Both start into growth early in the spring, hence it is better to set out seeds in the fall. Neither can be injured by manure, nor is a light, deeply worked soil at all objectionable. The "giant" asparagus is always found on rich soil, which has much more to do with large stalks than any special variety. Plenty of manure will always bring "mammoth" or "colossal" reubens from Linnæus roots, the best sort to plant, all things considered. Speaking of reubens, remind us of pie made of half reubens and half green tomatoes, after the manner of reubens pie, but with less sugar, which are "very good."

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

HOW TO MAKE AN OMELETTE.—The proper way to make an omelette is to take three spoonfuls of milk for each egg, and a pinch of salt to each one also. Beat the eggs lightly for three or four minutes, and pour them into a hot pan in which a piece of butter the size of a walnut has been melted a moment before. The mass will begin to bubble and rise in flakes immediately, and the bottom must be lifted incessantly with a clean knife so that the softer parts run in. An omelette should be cooked about three or four minutes, and made in this way will melt in the mouth.—Baltimore American.

Receipt for Ginger Snaps.

Of all the cakes one loves to eat perhaps none charms the palate like good ginger snaps. And if to make the best you'd wish to know, Why, study well the rhymes you find below: Melt of butter half a pound, also of lard, Then add sugar, brown, half a pound, Stir in a quart of lard, not too hard, Four tablespoons of ginger, nicely ground. Into this mixture sift two quarts of flour, (Then to insure the cakes shall not be sour,) Dissolve in milk four teaspoonfuls of soda, Salsolus is advised, but I like not the odor; Mix lather with milk, it surely makes no matter So that you strain the milk into the batter; Add more flour, and roll out thin the dough, Then cut in cakes, but take you surely know, Bake them well in an oven, cooks call "slow," And when they're baked they'll not last long I know.

Minicement.

We give a number of receipts for making minicement. The ingredients can be increased or lessened at the pleasure of the person making it.

MINICEMENT.—There are various opinions as to the results of adding meat to the sweet ingredients used in making this dish. Many housewives think it an improvement, and use either the under cut of a well-rendered curlew of beef, or a boiled fresh ox-tongue for the purpose. Either of these meats may be chosen with advantage, and one pound, after it has been cooked, will be found sufficient; this should be freed from fat and well minced. In making minicement, each ingredient should be minced separately and finely before it is added to the others. For a moderate quantity, take two pounds of raisins (stems), the same quantity of currants, well washed and dried, three of beef suet chopped fine, one pound of apples pared and cored, two pounds of moist sugar, half a pound of candied orange peel, and a quarter of a pound of citron, the grated rinds of three lemons, one grated nutmeg, a little mace, half an ounce of salt, and one teaspoonful of ginger. After having minced the fruit separately, mix all well together with the hand, then add half a pint of brandy and the same of sherry. Mix well with a spoon, press it down in jars, and cover it with a bladder.

MINICEMENT TO KEEP.—Take a pound and a half of currants; a pound of best raisins, stems; three-quarters of a pound of almonds, cut very small; the peel of one lemon, minced small; the juice of one lemon; three apples, minced small; a pound of citron, minced small; a pound and a half of suet, shred very fine; an eighth of an ounce of nutmeg; the same of cinnamon; the same of cloves. Put the whole into a jar, and keep it dry. When wanted, mix it with either wine or brandy.

MINICEMENT WITHOUT MEAT.—One pound hard apples cut small, one pound currants, half a pound dried raisins, half a pound beef suet, quarter of a pound moist sugar, one ounce lemon and citron peel, quarter of an ounce cinnamon, one drachm mace, the rind of one lemon grated, one glass of brandy, and two glasses of sherry. Double the above for a large family.

MINICEMENT.—Six pounds of currants, three pounds of raisins stems, three pounds of apples chopped fine, four pounds of suet, two pounds of sugar, two pounds of beef, the peel and juice of two lemons, a pint of sweet wine, a quarter of a pint of brandy, half an ounce of mixed spice. Press the whole into a deep pan when well raised.

ANOTHER WAY.—Two pounds of raisins, three pounds of currants, three pounds of beef suet, two pounds of moist sugar, two ounces of citron, one ounce of orange peel, one small nutmeg, one pound of apples chopped fine, the rind of two lemons and juice of one, half a pint of brandy; mix well together. This should be made a little time before wanted for use.

THE RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 47 letters.
My 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956,